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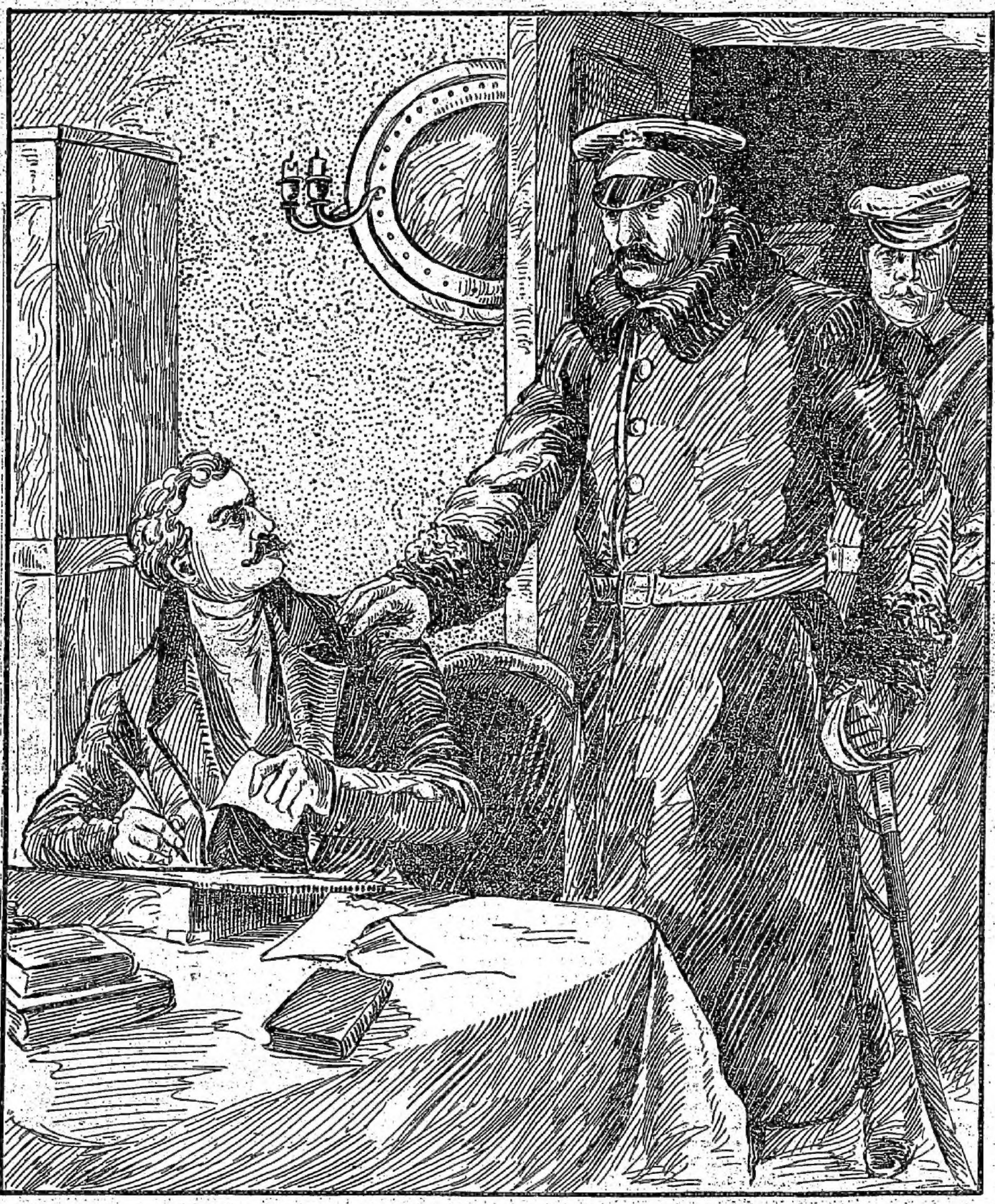

THE BIBLE IN A RUSSIAN PRISON.

The Bible in a Russian Prison

('British Messenger.')

The year 1825 was a time of misery to many people in Russia. In the very heart of St. Petersburg a plot had been laid against the Emperor, by a number of young men belonging to the most distinguished families of the Russian empire. These young men thought that they were rendering a great service to their country by trying to set it free from the hard rule of the Czars. They intended to get the Emperor into their power, and to force him to change the autocratic government of Russia into a constitutional monarchy. If he were unwilling to do this, there would be nothing left but to kill the Emperor, and thus make Russia a free country.

For some years this secret revolutionary society had been getting ready to carry out their plans, when, in 1825, the plot was discovered. The conspirators were put into prison; several of them were sentenced to death, others sent off to Siberia.

In St. Petersburg lived at that time a young man named Batinkov, who had the misfortune to be acquainted with some of the members of the secret society. He was, however, not involved in the plot; indeed, it is most likely that he never heard a rumor of it. His surprise and dismay were therefore great, when one night, a party of policemen entered his house, and forced him to follow them to prison in the fortress of St. Petersburg!

He thought that there must be some mistake, and felt sure that his case would be tried and his innocence proved.

From day to day he waited, expecting to

be summoned to his trial; but he waited in vain. He asked the gaoler various questions, hoping to find out from him what his fate was likely to be, but he received no answer. Only once the man spoke to him, and told him that he was strictly forbidden to talk with the prisoners; he might not even wish them 'Good-morning,' or answer the simplest questions.

That was the last time for many years that Batinkov heard the sound of any human voice except his own, for the expected trial and release did not come. Days and weeks, and months passed, then hope and expectancy changed to despair bordering on madness.

At last Batinkov felt that he must make up his mind to spend his life in prison. When he thought of it, he felt as if he was going to lose his reason. Nothing could be drearier than the cell in which he was all alone. Scarcely a sound from the outer world could reach his ear, for his prison was one of the so-called 'casemattes'—small cells built right into the River Neva, partly under the level of the water. Only a small opening at the top of the wall let a little light into the scantily furnished, dismal room!

Batinkov felt that the only thing that could keep him from losing his reason would be to find something to occupy his thoughts. He had not been allowed to take anything with him except a calendar, which happened to be in his pocket, but in a corner of his prison he found three books, probably left there by another prisoner. They were a German bible, a German book of sermons, an old German calendar.

Three German books, and Batinkov only knew the German alphabet! Nothing daunted, he decided to learn German; that would occupy his thoughts, and in time enable him to understand the books.

He began by comparing his Russian calendar with the old German one, and gradually he was able by the help of these books to understand some German words and sentences. Incredible as it may seem he actually learned German in this way, so that after a while he could read and understand the bible quite well.

It was an unknown book to him, for up to that time he had never given much thought to religious matters; they did not interest him, and like most of his friends, he was a freethinker. Even now he only studied the bible because he had nothing else to do. The old book fascinated him with its wonderful history of the Jewish people, with its grand poetry, and its deep words of wisdom. He read it again and again, but without realizing that it had been written for him.

Three years went by in this way and the Holy Ghost began his work in the prisoner's heart. At last the truth of the bible began to be clear and real to him. He knew now that he was a sinner, that God was just and holy and would judge him. The lonely man in his dark prison cell felt himself face to face with God, and he knew that he was not fit to stand in the divine presence. The fight against Satan, against his own doubts and fears, had to be fought all alone, without the help and counsel of any human being, till at last the light shone into Batinkov's soul, and he knew that Jesus was his Saviour. He read those golden words (John iii., 16), that 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.' And these words (Matt. xi., 28), 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And again (John i., 12), 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' And in this new relation, having entered the family of the redeemed by faith in Christ, God was no longer his judge to condemn him, but his loving Father to bless him. From that day a new life began for Batinkov. His cell seemed no longer dark and dismal to him, for it was the place where he had met his Saviour; it had become the gate of heaven to him. He read and re-read his old bible, and it was like a new book, full of wonderful promises and words of comfort.

The days and weeks passed, and grew to months and years; but the prisoner did not long for freedom now, for in his cell he had found the true freedom, and that was enough for him.

At last, when he had given up expecting release, it came. Twenty-nine years Batinkov had spent in the 'casemattes,' when one day he was told that he might leave his cell. An amnesty had been granted to a large number of prisoners. But he had to leave St. Petersburg, by order of the government, and was sent to a town in Central Russia.

It was with regret that he said good-bye to the place where he had first seen Jesus. He had no relations; and his friends, he thought, must all either be dead or in exile; so it did not very much matter to him where he went.

The persons he met after leaving his prison, were kind to him, but took him for a harmless lunatic, for during his imprisonment he had learned the habit of speaking his thoughts aloud, in order to hear at least one human voice. This the people naturally thought strange, and so he lived his own life apart from the rest.

One day he happened to glance at a newspaper and there he read the name of a man who had been his friend in those days long gone by, before his imprisonment.

This friend had not been involved in the political plot, and had been absent from Russia at the time of its discovery; so he had escaped suspicion, had risen in his profession, and was now an admiral, and at the head of the Russian navy.

When Batinkov read the name of his friend he felt an ardent desire to see once more this man whom he had known in his youth. He wrote a petition to the Emperor asking permission to go to St. Petersburg to see a friend. This was granted, and great was the admiral's joyful surprise when he saw his old friend again. He had always thought that Batinkov had died long ago, and it was with great interest that he listened to the strange story, which had begun so sadly and had ended so well.

'What was it that kept you from losing your reason?' asked the Admiral.

'It was this,' quietly answered his friend, pointing to the bible; 'this is my greatest treasure.'

'It is also my most precious possession,' said the admiral, who in the midst of his prosperity had been taught the same blessed truths which his friend had learned in the dark prison cell.

It was a very happy meeting, after so many years, and later on Batinkov had the joy of seeing two or three other friends of his youth who were still alive and not in exile.

When the story was made known, the Emperor granted Batinkov full liberty, and his friends made inquiries in order to find out the reason of his long imprisonment. It was discovered that Batinkov had been forgotten by the government authorities. That was the reason why he had never been summoned to his trial, and why he had only been released after so many years.

But Batinkov did not regret it. His life had not been spent in vain, for God had not forgotten him. He had met his Saviour in the prison, and he was happy. God had led him, 'by a way he knew not,' into 'the glorious liberty of the children of God.'

The remaining years of his life were chiefly spent in the house of his friend, the admiral, until God called him up higher.

Thus it was that the reading of God's word, without any human help, was the means of a soul's conversion.—

A Missionary at Home.

There are home mission fields for every person who desires to be actively employed in doing good. One of these is in Christian homes, in which young women are employed to do housework. It is one of the incredible features of our modern Christianity, that such girls are so little influenced by the Christian homes in which they live.

A lady who had acquired a wide influence by her strength of character, sympathy, and moral sense, came from the the country to the city to spend the winter in a quiet lodging-house.

A young woman from the provinces came into the house as servant. The lady was late at the table one evening, and so was left alone with this girl. She noticed a shade of sadness in her face and said:

'Mary, have you friends in the city?'

'No, not one. My father and mother are dead. My sisters are married, but poor, and I have come to London to make my way alone. I have friends in the old church at home. The pastor there was very kind to me.'

'Were you a member of that church?'

'Yes, and I have a letter from it. I would like to show it to you.'

The girl produced the letter.

'I am a member of a church of the same denomination,' said the lady; 'so we are sisters.'

Sisters! At that word the thought of her mission came to the good woman.

'Mary,' she said, after a moment's silence, 'what is your evening out?'

'Friday; but I have nowhere to go.'

'I go to church on that evening. I would like company. Will you go with me?'

'It would make me happy all the week if you would only let me,' said the girl.

The other members of the quiet household were somewhat surprised on the next Friday night to hear the lady say:

'Mary and I are going to week night service.'

But the friendly relations did not end here. The lady lent Mary her books, and selected for her a course of useful reading. Occasionally she gave her a ticket to a concert or lecture, and obtained consent from the landlady that the girl might attend them. She guided her by wise and good advice.

More than this, she gave her personal regard with her favors, and the girl came to love her as she loved her mother.

The lady fell seriously ill. The girl was as true and faithful to her as her own daughter could have been.

When the lady recovered, she felt that she owed for the tender service done in the sickroom more than she could ever repay.

There was a missionary training-school in the church to which they went, and the lady sent the girl there. She is now in the foreign field, working faithfully as a missionary.—'Sunday Companion.'

The Christian.

'If we are to have increased interest in foreign missions or home missions either, there is only one way to obtain it, that is by getting people personally acquainted with, and interested in God, his plans, his purposes, his gospel, his church, his kingdom. To some extent every child of God is interested in his Father in heaven, or he could not be a child indeed, but he needs to have this interest deepened.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Taking a Photograph.

(J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

'Oh, uncle, uncle!' cried my little niece, running up to me; 'I am so glad you're come.'

'That's good hearing,' said I.

'Do you know,' she said, sinking her voice, 'I've got the most beautiful secret in the world. You cannot tell how nice it is.'

'No, I cannot,' I answered, looking very puzzled. 'What's it about?'

'Ah! then it wouldn't be a secret if I were to tell you,' she said with a laugh. 'But it's to-morrow. Oh, I wish it were here! Are photographers nice men?'

'Some of them are,' I answered.

'Because it would be dreadful to be taken by a disagreeable man, wouldn't it?'

'When I take you to a photographer I will bear that in mind,' I answered, not mentioning the revelation she had made of her secret.

She looked up in my face in some alarm, but was satisfied with its undiscerning expression.

'Do you know,' she said, 'I almost thought I had told my secret.' You see, she was only six years old, and had not kept many secrets from me.

'What is it about?' I asked.

She laughed, reassured again. 'Oh, you won't catch me that way,' she said, 'so don't think it.'

'Then I'll go up to your mother,' I replied, and ran upstairs.

Evidently her secret was on her mind, for by various slips she made I learned all about it before I went, though she imagined she had kept it religiously.

'YOU MUSTN'T LAUGH TILL I SNAP MY FINGER.'

Next time I went she came up to me. 'Now, uncle! now for the secret!'

'Oh!' I cried, looking greatly delighted.

'There it is,' she said, putting a photograph into my hand.

'Oh, that is first-rate!' I said. 'So that is the secret.'

'And, uncle, he was such a funny man. And when he was going to take us, there he stood with his hair parted in the middle, and his spectacles on, and he laughed so much, but he said, "You mustn't laugh till I snap my finger. So look at my finger, and when I snap it you must laugh." So presently he snapped his finger, but, uncle, I almost felt I wanted to laugh before. Is it good?' she added, meaning the photograph.

'Very good!' I answered, 'and there's just the little ghost of a smile upon it now that makes it very like you.'

'Do you like to have photographs of all your friends?' she asked.

'I do,' I replied.

'Have you got them?'

'No,' I answered. 'Some of the very dearest I haven't got, and never will have.'

'What a pity!'

'It is,' I said, 'because I cannot show them to others, but their faces are printed on my heart, and when I think of them, their beautiful character comes up before me, so that I love them.'

'Yes,' she answered, 'that's how I think of mamma. I could not forget her, you know.'

The little maiden was silent for a moment or two, and raising her thoughtful face, said, 'Is not that the way God remembers us? He has our character like a photograph on his heart, and loves us?'

'Quite true,' I replied, 'and how careful we should be to have it beautiful if it is to be printed on God's heart.'

'I am, dear uncle,' she answered, kissing me, 'for I love him very much.'

Dear Nellie! I was very glad to have your photograph, for it was not long we kept your sweet form in our midst! The Good Shepherd loved her too well to leave her long here.

But I have that photograph she gave me among my chiefest treasures, and her loving memory printed in my heart.

The O.P.S.C.E.

(By Isabelle Ecclestone Mackay, in 'Endeavor Herald.')

'I am myself of the opinion,' said Miss Mitchell decidedly, 'that we had better wait awhile.'

'Until we see,' suggested Miss Mattie.

'How it turns out,' finished Miss Jessie. 'It is always best not to be too precipitate, and yet it seems to be a good thing.'

'A good thing—push it along,' shouted a voice through the open window.

'That's Tom,' cried the three old ladies together, broad smiles of happy anticipation spreading over their pleasant faces. Indeed there could be but small doubt as to who it was, for at Vine Cottage one individual only was privileged to shout in windows, use slang, and bang doors, and that was Tom. Happy is the Tom who is at once the pet and the torment of three maiden aunts! He has a position unique in the boy kingdom, and his lines have fallen in pleasant places. Especially if the said aunts have a modest competence and a will to use it liberally for all good purposes — the happiness and welfare of Tom included.

The three Miss Mitchells had lived in the pretty vine-covered cottage on the outskirts of the little village of New Salem for thirty years. They had come to the town three fresh and comely girls (indeed, many thought Miss Jessie a beauty), and though thirty long years had slipped away they were the three Miss Mitchells still.

Why had they never married? Well, there were different theories to account for it. Mrs. Jones said it was a railway accident—all three intendeds killed; Miss Watkins said it was because they had never been asked (Miss Watkins had not had that pleasure herself), but for my part, I think, though I feel it to be but a poor reason and sufficient for no one but themselves, that it was simply because they did not want to.

Whatever may have been their reasons they were very happy over them; happy in their housework; their patchwork, their cats, their garden, their church, their nephew, and themselves; and three busier, kinder, happier people, it would be hard to find. They kept no servant, and their wants were few. Miss Sarah, a most excellent manager, and the eldest of the three, kept the keys in a little old-fashioned basket by her side, and looked to the provisions with a careful mind; Miss Mattie (properly Matilda) did all the fine ironing and such light work as her rather delicate health would permit; while Miss Jessie, the youngest and prettiest, did a little of everything, and was all day and every day the sunshine of the house.

At the time our story opens they were engaged in knitting winter socks for Tom, though it was early September, and discussing a new departure. Actually a new departure in a town where nothing very new had happened in many years! For the first time in the history of their church its young people were to have a society of their own. Now let me mention here that the Miss Mitchells considered themselves young; their hearts had not grown old as the years passed by; their sympathies, energies, and interests were all fresh and young still, and longing for new outlets of work. It never occurred to them, therefore, that this new society was not for them. They longed to see it prove a success, they considered it, as Miss Jessie said, 'a good thing,' but with the retiring timidity natural to them they thought it best 'not to be too precipitate.'

'We were talking about the new society, Tom,' said Miss Mattie, in explanation to that young gentleman, as, with an air of exhaustion supposed to be the effect of excessive overwork, he sank into the easiest rocking-chair, and began to fan himself with the fluffy tail of the tabby-cat, caught by the neck for that purpose. The sisters never would believe that lifting a cat by the neck would not injure it mortally, and a slight discussion resulted, in which Tom was implored in moving terms to remember that cats had feelings, and he with equal warmth demonstrated that if a cat's feelings were hurt it would squeal. 'Not if it's half-choked, poor thing,' said Miss Sarah.

'So it's the Y.P.S.C.E. that you consider a good thing,' said Tom, after this little difficulty had been satisfactorily arranged; 'then, as I had the pleasure of remarking through the window, why don't you "push it along"? There are some in the church who object to it; you might do the young people a good turn by advocating their cause.'

'Their cause?' cried Miss Jessie, in bewilderment.

'You speak as if we had nothing to do with it, Tom,' explained Miss Mattie; 'of course, if, as we think, the movement is a good one, we intend to identify ourselves with it before long.' Tom stopped fanning himself and gave vent to a long, low, whistle, which Miss Sarah was won't to say went through her head like a two-edged gimlet, whatever that tool may be.

'Are you really going to join, aunties ?' said he, 'why, it is for——at least —— at least——that is——I mean' (getting very red and finishing tamely) 'it's rather a new thing — but then,' irrelevantly, as if following out his own thoughts, 'you are as young as anyone I know, a good sight younger than some.'

'Young?' exclaimed Miss Sarah, looking at Miss Jessie.

'Young?' echoed Miss Jessie, looking at Miss Sarah.

'Young?' said Miss Mattie, with a gasp, looking at them both.

Tom felt ashamed of himself. His conscience troubled him. Here were these three dear old ladies who didn't know what it was to grow old, and he was the first to shake their confidence in perpetual youth. He hastened to repair the blunder with merry words, an easy matter when the wish on both sides was the same, and when he left them a half-hour later they were deep in happy plans for the future of the Young People's Society.

'If any of those girls hurt my aunts' feelings, and slight them because their hair is gray,' said Tom to himself as he hurried home, 'I—I—if they were boys I'd knock them down.'

The organizers of the New Salem Congregational Young People's Society had a fair field and every favor; the few grumblers were soon silenced, if not convinced, and the work went forward rapidly. The first meeting was to be held on a Monday night, and all who had any intention of joining were asked to attend. The little old maids were all alive with pleasure and anticipation, and Tom shut his teeth and swore vengeance on anyone who would dare to dampen their enjoyment.

Behold them then, all smiles and bows and flutters, setting off to the Monday night meeting, with Tom stalking along behind as rear-guard, 'Will we be expected to say something the very first night?' asked Miss Jessie, with a nervous shiver. 'We will be expected to do nothing but join,' said Miss Sarah, decidedly, as she clutched her hymn-book tightly to hide the shaking of her hand, and lowered her voice to a piercing whisper as they mounted the church steps. At the door their pastor was waiting to shake hands.

'Oh, Miss Mitchell,' said he, cordially, 'you have come to wish our young people Godspeed in their new venture—you are just in time — they are starting the first hymn.'

'We intend to join,' said Miss Mitchell simply; 'we feel that the time for systematic effort of the young people has fully come.'

'Oh—ah—yes,' replied the pastor, a little taken aback; 'we are very glad; you will find seats up near the organ.'

It was a splendid meeting, and promised a most hopeful future for the society. The need, object, and aims of the organization were fully explained and discussed, the unfounded prejudice against it as a movement broken down and its usefulness exalted. I doubt if there was one in the meeting who did not feel that it was the dawning of fresh life for the church the birth of a new force in the bosom of the old. No one was asked to sign the pledge that night, but all were provided with copies for home study that their decision might be careful and prayerful. The Miss Mitchells were a trifle disappointed at this. They longed to sign the cards at once and feel themselves members; as it was, they nearly missed getting them at all, for no one thought of the 'three old maids' wanting to join! The meeting broke up without anything occurring to mar their happiness, and Tom, considering the danger passed, relaxed his vigilance so far as to linger behind at the close for a private chat with his chum.

As they waited for him outside in the cool darkness, the hearts of the three sisters were full of thankful gladness for the new impetus given to the Lord's work. The crowd of merry young people streamed past them as they stood there in the shadow, their clear voices echoing through the still night. One voice was especially distinct, perhaps because of a certain note of sharpness. It came from a gaily dressed young lady, who with her escort, was leaning against the doorway, in the full glare of the stream of light.

'It will not prove all they expect it will,' she was saying, with a little toss of her head; 'the pledge is just dreadful, no one could ever keep it—just imagine promising to be present at every meeting whether you wanted to or not — that's going too far, I think.'

Miss Sarah looked quickly at Miss Jessie, who, understanding her with ready sympathy, whispered, 'There is one we must help.'

'Oh,' went on the girl, with a little laugh, 'there are saints enough in the church to keep it up, no doubt, but there won't be much room left for anyone else—why just imagine who is going to join—the three old maids, the Mitchells! Why, the youngest must be fifty, if she's a day, and, yet, they call it a "Young People's Society"—if they are young people, why, I must be an infant, that's all, and the society's no place for me. Bertha Watson says she won't join either if the old people are going to have the run of it—they've had their day—let them step aside now and make room for others.' So spoke Miss Mabel Stirling, the young lady of the gay dress and the hard heart. Perhaps she didn't just mean all she said; for she happened to be in a bad temper; certainly she spoke only for herself and two or three others out of the whole society, but all this did not tend to soften the effect of her words upon her hearers. The three old ladies were struck literally dumb with astonishment. They did not try to argue the question with themselves, or reflect that Miss Sterling's opinion could be of no possible importance to them; the bitterness of her words struck home to their hearts, and they felt what she had called them—old; old and tired, and quite removed from the crowd of fresh young faces they had thought to join.

'We won't wait for Tom to-night,' said Miss Mattie, after a minute, 'we are quite — old enough to take care of ourselves.'

So alone and silent they turned homeward. If you had watched them you would have noticed that their steps were slower and their heads not held so lightly as usual —the burden of a new found age was lying heavily upon them. Miss Sarah, thinking of her once glossy black hair, reflected that it would soon be almost white, and sighed heavily. Long ago somebody had said that her hair was very beautiful. Miss Mattie's eyes were dimmer than usual that night, for she stumbled over a stone, and fixing her spectacles more firmly thought it was high time she was getting stronger ones; while Miss Jessie felt her face stealthily with a shaking hand, and wondered how many furrows the years had ploughed across the once smooth forehead.

Nothing was said between them on the subject of their disillusion until they gathered for family worship. The portion chosen was the first part of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, and it happened to be Miss Sarah's turn to read. When she came to the words, 'Behold I make all things new,' she paused, for her firm voice was trembling sadly.

'Sisters,' said she, closing the book gently, 'we shall be young once more—then.'

'After all,' spoke up Miss Jessie, bravely, though tears glittered in her bright eyes, 'it is not so very terrible to be old—when it's only for a little while, and we were young once, we have that to remember. As she said, we have had our day of youth, and though our hairs may be gray and our eyes dim still our hearts are young, and we know that though "man looketh on the outward appearance, God looketh on the heart."

'You are right, sister,' said Miss Mattie, with a brighter face. 'It is the body that is growing old, and we can't blame the young

people for not knowing about our souls. We will not be stumbling-blocks to the new society, but I have been thinking we might have one of our own.'

'What?' cried Miss Jessie, wonderingly, 'Do you really think so?' a smile stealing about the corners of her mouth.

'Yes, of course — we can call it the O.P.S.C.E.'

'Our Personal Society of C. E., I suppose,' said Miss Mattie.

Jessie laughed. 'Nothing quite so exclusive as that,' said she, 'though the membership is likely to be limited. "Old People's Society" is what I meant.'

'Oh,' sighed Mattie, 'I had forgotten.'

'Why should we not forget?' said Sarah, 'it will do no good to be always thinking we are old. Suppose we remember nothing but that our hearts are young, and try to keep them so until that time when our new body shall be given us? The society will be a help—let us pray about it.'

So the O.P.S.C.E. of Vine Cottage was ushered in with prayer, and every Monday night, when the young people met in the church, the old ladies met in their tiny sitting-room, and the Spirit of the Lord was with both gatherings.

But the new formed society was not destined to remain in obscurity. Before long the people began to wonder what was coming over the Miss Mitchells. They seemed to be getting over their timidity, they spoke in the church prayer-meeting, they shook hands with strangers going out of church, they seemed to be formed into a kind of general social committee for all occasions, and they were induced to take office in the Missionary Society, and Miss Mitchell actually made a speech. Last, and best of all, they were a look-out committee with every member active, and the work they did of gathering in the wandering will never be known till that day when the great book shall be opened and the thoughts of all hearts revealed.

Now the pastor of New Salem church was a shrewd man, and his parsonage stood within a stone's throw of Vine Cottage. So it happened that when, as he lay sick at home one Monday evening, the echoes of a C. E. hymn floated through the open window, he determined to find out whence they came. Not from the church he knew, for it stood a good many blocks away, and the only house within hearing distance which boasted an organ was Vine Cottage. As he thought of this an idea struck him, and forgetting that he was supposed to be ill with a bad headache (or, rather, forgetting even the headache itself), he caught up his hat and set off without delay to make a pastoral call.

Yes, the three Miss Mitchells were at home, but they were very much confused and did not seem prepared for company. The organ stood open, and Miss Jessie, with a very red face, was stuffing a C. E. hymn-book under a copy of the Psalms in metre; other copies of the same hymnbook were lying on two different chairs from which the flurried occupants had arisen.

'There is no necessity to hide that hymn-book, Miss Jessie,' cried the pastor genially, 'I have caught you in the act.'

So the discovery was made, and the O.P.S.C.E. could hide its face in the tiny sitting-room no longer. After a little kind persuasion its origin and history were related, and it was a very delighted man, with a brain full of a new idea who left the cottage that night, for the sisters had thrown open their home and their society to all who were old and who wanted a young heart.

'It will revolutionize the prayer-meeting, my dear,' said he to his wife, that night. 'It will overcome timidity, prosiness, and conventionality; it will fill up the pauses, break down years of soulless custom, and make us all young together. Mind, the prayer-meeting is not to be merged into the society, but the society will leaven the prayer-meeting. It will make it a place where young and old may meet and seek the Lord together, keeping all hearts in living, loving communion until that day when he shall make all things new and all distinctions vanish before his throne.'

Two Kinds of Self-Sacrifice.

(By Mrs. C. F. Fraser.)

'What a kind, self-sacrificing girl your daughter Susie is,' said I one day to Mrs. Carew, as we sat together on the beach at Dulse Cove. 'All the long, sunny afternoon she was amusing the children from the Summer hotel, and now they are shouting with joy because she is going to wade with them until the supper-bell rings.'

'Is it not a pity that your Alice is not more like her? I am very fond of Allie, but I sometimes wish she were less quiet and retiring, and that she had more of my favorite's disposition.'

Mrs. Carew sighed, as she glanced toward the group of merry children, of which her daughter was the centre.

'Susie is obeying the whim of the moment,' she said quietly. 'To-morrow it will be quite another story. She will fret because her skin will be red and rough from the burning it has received to-day, and she will be really ill with the sore throat that invariably follows her wading expeditions. In fact, instead of wishing that Alice were more like her, I often wish that Susie would learn from her sister to be guided by a sense of duty rather than by passing impulses.'

My face must have shown the surprise I felt at her words, for Mrs. Carew, with becoming dignity, added:

'I do not often talk of my children with anyone outside of my family; but you are an old and valued friend, and it is not right that you should give Susie the credit for virtues which belong more particularly to her sister.

'It is true Susie has sacrificed her afternoon to give pleasure to these children, but to enable her to do so Alice has given up the whole day to performing some of her sister's neglected work, and to-morrow the whole family will be called upon to help Susie bear the burdens which she so unthinkingly assumes to-day. Alice's idea of self-sacrifice is a very different one. Let me tell you a little story, in order to make my meaning plain.

'Two winters ago times were very hard, and each morning chronicled a dozen failures in the business world. It was a time of great anxiety for Mr. Carew. Every day some firm which he had considered solvent went down, and as some of them were heavily in debt to him he began to be very doubtful as to his ability to weather the storm.

'Alice had been in the office for some months as his secretary. She knew more about the state of his business than any one else, and when my husband was taken ill with pneumonia she was practically left in charge of all his affairs.

'One day, after banking hours, a messenger came to say that a note in Mr. Carew's favor, endorsed and discounted by him, had been dishonored by the maker, and the bank required immediate payment of the amount. The note was for a large sum of money, and Alice knew but too well that the balance in the bank to her father's credit was far from sufficient to meet it. She also was well aware that if the note was not redeemed promptly upon the opening of the bank that her father's credit would be seriously impaired, if not ruined.'

'Taking the notice, she hurried to the office of a friend to whom Mr. Carew had once offered a signal financial service, and who in return had agreed to assist him if he were ever in a similar strait. But, alas! the office was closed, and a notice on the door told her that Mr. Barnes had gone to his country house and would not return to the city until the following afternoon. It was evident that there was no time to lose, but as she hurried to catch the first car to the railway depot, she remembered that we would be anxious at home if she did not return at the usual hour, so she paused long enough to send a telephone message that I was not to be alarmed if she remained out until a late hour, or even spent the night with a friend.

'On arriving at the depot what was her dismay to find that the last train for Highbridge had left ten minutes before and that there would be no outward train until the following morning.

'It had been growing cold and blustery all the afternoon. Flurries of snow now began to set in, and a keen wind had sprung up. It was in vain she tried to engage a cab from the neighboring cab-stand. The men all declined to take the long, cold drive at any price, and as there was nothing else to be done, Alice set out to walk the whole distance of ten miles.

'The road is not a lonely one, for houses skirt it nearly all the way, but it could have been no easy matter for a naturally timid, retiring girl to set out on her errand at twilight in the face of a driving gale, that increased in violence every moment.

'She was four hours in reaching Highbridge, and when she arrived at Mr. Barnes's house it was all she could do to stumble up the front steps of the verandah and ring the door-bell. In fact she was so thoroughly exhausted that she quite alarmed our friends by laughing and crying all in one breath as she endeavored to make plain the object of her errand. Mr. Barnes has often said that even if he had been quite unwilling to make his promise good the pluck and spirit of the girl, who had trudged ten miles through a blinding snow-storm to preserve her father's credit, would have impelled him to advance the needed amount.

'Mrs. Barnes insisted on keeping her over night, and ministered so thoroughly to her comfort that by the morning Alice was able to take the first train into the city. She entered the bank as soon as the doors were opened, and at once handed in Mr. Barnes's cheque, which was placed to the credit of the firm, redeemed the dishonored note and allayed all fears as to the solvency of her father's business.

'Mr. Carew has never forgotten the signal service she rendered him that day. I think that nothing in our family history has ever touched him so deeply.'

Just here Susie came running up from the the beach. 'Oh, mother,' she said, 'I am so tired! Do let me have your arm home! Do you think you can mend this great rent in my dress before to-morrow morning, and do you think it will matter if I do not go to prayer-meeting to-night? I am sure I must look like a fright, and that stupid throat of mine is beginning to pain in a most unreasonable way!'

Mrs. Carew's eyes met mine with a keen look of questioning, and I acknowledged with a glance that I had been entirely mistaken in my judgment. Somehow, from that moment the pretty face of my former favorite lost much of its attractiveness to me, and my respect quickened and deepened for the quiet sister who had braved the bitter cold, the lonely walk, the fatigue, and the doubtful errand, lest evil should come to those she loved.—'The Epworth Herald.'

The Week's Orders.

(By Jessie M. Gourley.)

Since Susan has been attending Sabbath-school she is a different person. The reason for this change is that she has not only committed the Golden Text for the day, but has applied it to her daily living, using the text of the preceding Sabbath as her guide during the week, or as Susan termed it, 'This week's orders.'

Susan is one of those unfortunates, who, having lost both parents in early life, has, 'just growd,' as Topsy would say. We find her at the age of twenty, with stooped shoulders, tousled hair, a face which might be cleaner, dress with part of the binding hanging loose, coat fastened with one button and two pins, gloves out at the fingers, and a hat which would be the better for acquaintance with thread and needle, or brush, presenting herself at Mrs. B.'s door one morning in answer to Mrs. B.'s advertisement for 'help.'

Mrs. B. is one of those women who can see the angel in the lump of clay, or the rough rock, and seeing possibilities in Susan which no one as yet had seen, hires her as maid of all work. The Sabbath after Susan's engagement Mrs. B. informed her that the whole of Sabbath afternoon is her own to do as she wishes, and as there is a Sabbath-school near by, she would like Susan to go there with her.

Susan felt she would rather go to the park for a walk, or see her old chum, Maggie, and was on the point of declining the invitation, but thought; 'I have never been to Sabbath-school, and I will go this time to see what it is like, and as it only lasts an hour, I can stand it so long, and if I don't like it I needn't go again.'

But Susan's fears, like most of our own, were useless. She is captivated by the singing. Then she is put in a class with girls of her own age, who are much better dressed than she, but they soon make her feel she is one of them.

One thing puzzled her. The superintendent, in his opening talk, called for the Golden Text. To her surprise the entire school spoke the words, 'Pray without ceasing.'

Now Susan knew what a golden pin, or ring, or watch was, but had never heard of a Golden Text. In class the first question was, 'Who knows the Golden Text?' And every girl answered, 'Pray without ceasing.'

Susan joined with them. At the close of the lesson, her teacher asked: 'Any questions?'

'Now,' thought Susan, 'is my chance.'

'Please, sir, why do you call the words, "Pray without ceasing," golden text?'

Mr. A. explained to her kindly that the Golden Text was a verse taken as expressing the subject they were studying, and he and his class used it as their special guide during the following week.

Susan was perplexed, 'Pray without ceasing?' Why she had no time for prayer only at night before retiring. But Mr. A. went on to say it was not necessary for us to be on our knees, or in our own room to pray. God would hear and answer prayer wherever offered.

Monday was washday at Mrs. B.'s, and, of course, a busy day, as there were six in the family. 'No praying to-day,' thought Susan, 'but —' and Susan has an inspiration. 'Why, yes, I believe I can pray without ceasing. While I am washing the clothes. I can ask God to wash away my sins. When I hang them out, I will thank him for the bright sunshine which dries the clothes so nicely. In preparing meals I can ask for help. As I am ironing, why not have God help me take the wrinkles out of my temper; and no one but God knows how hard pressing, or how hot an iron it will take to do that.'

'Then in serving meals, thank him for the gift of his Son, who set us the example of serving others. In caring for the children ask for patience. For, Susan Green, you need patience, if you need anything.

'And so on during the week, I am sure I will find new blessings for which to be thankful, and new duties in which to seek his help.'

So three months later, when we again see Susan, we hardly recognize her as the person who applied to Mrs. B. for work. For Susan has been talking to a King. She has been using the door which Lucy Larcom says is forever open between heaven and earth, and Susan could not 'abide in the secret of his presence,' without showing the influence of that presence in her every way. So though we still have the same Susan, and the same clothes in which we first saw her, she knows now the Lord is interested in herself, her clothes and her work, and for that reason she feels that she must do her very best, and keep herslf as nearly as possible as the temple of his Holy Spirit should be kept.

And now cannot we who have greater opportunities, follow Susan's example in, 'Praying without ceasing?' As we do our different duties, let us remember to invoke God's aid.

When enjoying a great pleasure, thank the giver of that pleasure, ever remembering that he is able and willing to answer prayers.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

A Commentary Got by Prayer.

The following story, says the Rev. J. Elder Cumming, D.D., is well authenticated. A very worthy man was passing homeward through a side street, when he saw a small auction going on at a workingman's door. He paused on the outskirts of the crowd, and found that the auctioneer was at that moment selling some books. He could not see more than that there were seven volumes, six of them of the same set, and well bound. The price was ridiculously small—a few shillings; so he bid, and found himself the successful purchaser. The six volumes consisted of Matthew Henry's 'Commentary,' and another book, the name of which I forget. It then occurred to him that he had been very hasty, as he had Henry's 'Commentary,' already. On getting home the books were put aside in a bedroom. The same evening there came to him a poor missionary, resident in the same town, a godly man, whose store of books was small, but whose labors were incessant and his addresses many. After sitting for a time, the owner of the books asked him, 'well, friend, what are you praying for just now?' Oh, for a good many things, as usual; but I think at present I am asking most earnestly that God would give me a book which I can't afford to buy.' 'A book? That is strange! What sort of a book may it be?' 'Oh, well, it is Matthew Henry's "Commentary." It would be a great help to me in my work.' Business life makes people suspicious, and it at once crossed the mind of the friend that there was some attempt to take him in. So he asked his visitor, 'When did you see me last?' The gentleman at once said, 'Why?' 'Did any one tell you what I had done to-day?' 'No; what a strange question! I have not seen or heard of you for some time. And that is why I have called on you to-night.' 'And you had no reason to think that I could help you with that book which you have been praying for?' 'No; you were the last person I should have expected to help me in that particular way. I cannot tell what you mean.' 'I daresay not. But the book is waiting for you in the next room. Go in and you will find it, for I don't doubt that the Lord meant me to buy it to-day for you.' 'In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.' 'Ask and it shall be given you.'—'Christian Herald.'

A Novel Salesman.

Grandpa Jenks's farm where Flo and Harry were visiting, was not far from New York city. One morning Grandpa Jenks said, 'Harry, to-day we'll take Frolic to see a parrot that is smart enough to earn his living.'

'Where shall we find such a parrot?' cried Harry.

'Every day on the New York side of the ferry, I pass a place where a parrot does a thriving business,' was Grandpa Jenks's reply.

After dinner Grandpa, and Flo and Harry and Frolic went over the ferry into New York, and there, near the ferry, almost at once, the children noticed a throng of men and boys around a little booth at a street corner, and all seemed to be watching something curious and amusing. As they drew nearer they saw that the booth was a news stand, a news-stand that appeared to be tended only by a fine green parrot.

The green parrot walked about over the piles of newspapers, calling out, 'Paper, sir? Extra 'Sun'?'

Grandpa Jenks and his young people stopped to look on. Every few moments some man would come up, take a paper, and toss two cents into a little box upon which the green parrot kept an eye all the time. At such time the bird stopped, nodded his head, and said, 'Thankee.'

Then he began shouting again, 'Paper? Extra 'Sun'?'

'Is it possible that the parrot keeps the stand alone?' cried Harry. 'Suppose somebody should cheat him by taking more than one newspaper without paying for them, how would he know?'

'No one better try it,' answered Grandpa. 'Once a boy tried to steal two 'Telegrams,' but the parrot pounced upon him and gave him such a pecking and mauling that he was glad to drop them. But, of course, the parrot has a partner. Don't you see him?'

In the rear of the booth there was a lad of about Harry's age. He had nothing to do, however, but watch the papers and the box, and to come forward and make change.

Grandpa gave Frolic some pennies and pointed to the two piles of newspapers, to show that he wanted one of each. Frolic knew how to buy things. Besides, he had been observing the scene closely. He flew from Harry's shoulder to the stand, in his blue coat and cap, and hopped along on one leg, holding the money tightly clasped in the other claw.

The parrot news-dealer was very much surprised to see his queer customer, and was on the point of driving him off. But when he saw the other parrot gravely drop the pennies into the box, just as all his patrons did, he smoothed down his feathers again, and said, 'Thankee,' as usual, while Frolic dragged away a paper from each pile in his beak.

Harry and Frolic were talking now with the boy, who told them the bird's name was Ned, and Frolic thought he would be friendly, too. 'How do you do?' he called out politely. The other bird looked him over sharply, and then croaked out: 'No time to chat! You clear out! Paper, sir? Sun? Telegram?'

Presently a messenger-boy stopped to watch the droll news-dealer. Ned's bright eyes always saw what was going on. As

soon as he caught sight of the boy's uniform, he screamed: 'Hi, Buttons, hurry along. No idling here!'

'Oh, please!' put in Frolic.

Ned cocked his eye at him. 'You clear out!' he croaked. Then, turning to the messenger-boy again, he remarked, 'Come, hurry along! Hurry along!' till the little fellow had to go.—'Little Men and Women.'

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, nine years old, and live in Thornberry, near the station, and can see the cars every day. Sometimes I go to the wharf to see the boats come in. I have two sisters older than I, and one younger. We all go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger.' I like reading the letters, but sometimes my sister reads them for me.

JOHN.

Fulton Brook, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I read in the fifth book. We have a mile and a half to walk to school. There is going to be a social in the schoolhouse, at Gaspereaux, to-morrow night. It is twelve miles to the nearest railway from where we live. I guess I will have to close my letter for want of news.

ESSIE, aged 13.

Fulton Brook, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We live on the bank of Salmon River. It is very pleasant here in the spring when the lumber is going down. People get their living here by lumbering in the winter and farming in the summer. We have no pets except a cat and a colt. I am reading in the fourth reader. I have four brothers and three sisters. I remain yours,

CLEMENTINE, aged 12.

Henry, S. Dakota.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for about one year and two months, and like it very much. I live about eighty rods from the school-house. I am in the fifth reader. I have nine studies in a day. I am ten years old. I have two brothers, one is thirteen years old the other nearly twelve. We have five wild ducks; we had seven, but two ran away. We have five work horses, one colt, which was three years old on July 4, and one little black one; four calves and one hundred and two chickens and seven little pigs. We have four cats. Grandma gave me one, his name is Tom. He is fourteen years old. We go three miles to church and Sunday-school. I get breakfast nearly every morning while mamma takes care of the milk from six cows. Papa is making hay now. Although I live so far away I would like to correspond. Your reader,

LAURA.

St. Etienne, Que.

Dear Editor,—I always read the Boys' Page and the Children's Corner, in the 'Witness,' and all of the 'Messenger.' I go to school all the summer and have a garden. I have three brothers and two sisters. We have a dog named Carlo, and a little black kitten. I am in the fourth reader at school. There are only eleven scholars. I hope to see this printed soon. Your little reader,

EDITH, aged 11.

Annan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and two sisters. I am the youngest. I have a Jersey calf, a little pig, a cat, and two kittens. I was on the excursion from Owen Sound to Midland, on the 'Majestic,' on the 9th civic holiday. I was seasick for a while; otherwise I had a very good time. I saw my uncle and cousins and returned home at nine o'clock at night. There were about twelve hundred persons on board. The harvest is almost gathered in this week. Your loving friend,

JESSE, aged 9.

Detroit.

Dear Editor,—One of my aunts in Ontario has given me my choice. The 'Messenger,' or a Christmas card, for my Christmas gift, and I have chosen the former. I can sincerely say that it is a pleasure for me to read this paper, and I watch for it eagerly every week. On June 30 I attended the 9th annual excursion, given by the Fort Street Presbyterian Church, of which I am a member. The excursion was to the beautiful place called Put-in-Bay. It consisted of a musical and literary entertainment. The former of which I took part in, namely — 'Rememeber the Maine,' and two duets.

I am very fond of my piano, and practice every day for three hours, at least. I also attend the Tappan School; I was recommended to the seventh grade.

I belong to the Rhea Mission Band. We have our vacation at present, which will last till the first Sunday in September.

I must not forget my little dog, whose name is Carlo. He is a peculiar dog, in appearance, having a black-and-white coat, four white paws, and the strangest thing of all is that his eyes are not alike, one being blue the other brown. He is eight years old.

Pardon me, but I would be pleased to read another letter from Eva May, of Cornwall, and also letters of as many others as will write. Your affectionate reader.

FLORA, aged 15.

A Strange Coincidence.

A friend wrote from Algoma asking a question which could not have been answered off hand. By the same mail came a letter from Colorado to one connected with the 'Witness' answering the question. Both of these letters arrived on July 27, but for a certain reason were not published. However, so many 'Witness' subscribers have been asking the question that it has been decided to reproduce the two letters referred to.

Massey St. Algoma 24/7/'89

Dear Sir—

Have read with much interest and profit the book "In His Steps" by Sheldon. Could you inform me through the columns of the Daily Witness whether the book is purely fiction or has it a foundation in actual fact. Are the names of persons and places, (Henry Maxwell, Alexander Powers & Raymond) fictitious or did the event recorded in Chapter one actually take place.

Hoopfully awaiting reply

A subscriber J.H.B

Cascade, Colorado

July 22 1889

Mr. J. E. Dougall

of The Montreal daily Witness

Dear Sir I thank you heartily for your very kind letter and copies of the Witness forwarded to me from my home

I have read the copies with much interest. I cannot say that I know of any other daily paper in the United States that is conducted on such high Christian principle. I wish I did, for if ever we needed such a paper in our country, we need it now.

Let me express to you my appreciation of the Christian heroism and consecration which makes a paper like the Witness a possibility. I have always believed it possible for a Christian daily to succeed. You have proved that it can. So much for the ideal newspaper in In His Steps. is therefore real

I pray that you may continue to be blessed in your work. I do not know a more glorious opportunity for building up the Kingdom on earth than by means of Christian Journalism. I take the greatest pleasure in sending the copies of the Witness to newspaper friends of mine for their inspection

Very cordially yours

Charles M. Sheldon. Topeka, Kansas

There is contrast as well as likeness between the Montreal 'Daily Witness,' and the imaginary Raymond 'Daily News.' The 'Witness,' has always been conducted on the same principles, and every advance has been in the direction of those principles, while the Raymond 'Daily News' had a past history which it deeply regretted. Again, the complete change which was necessary in the Raymond 'Daily News,' on its conversion, made necessary outside support to the extent of half a million dollars, while the 'Witness,' by a kind of providence has had all along enough support to make it a truly remarkable success without any such gift. The 'Witness,' is, however, so far as is known, the only large city daily newspaper that has attained success on these lines. This is not true of country papers. There are here and there papers, like, for instance, our good neighbor the Huntingdon 'Gleaner,' which has been governed by high principles, and has shown evidence of rugged independence through storm and sunshine, and which has been, (and may it long continue to be), a power for good in the community. It is said that the publishers of a very successful Chicago weekly are talking of starting in their city a Christian daily newspaper, of which one of the foundation stones would be prohibition, The starting, conduct, and success of such a newspaper in Chicago, will be watched with great interest. If it succeeds, the hope may be entertained that the venture wil lbe repeated in many other places. In the meantime the 'Witness, remains unique among the great newspapers of the world.

Helpful Gracie.

Little Gracie was tired out with play. She had made the most lovely chain of daisies, and had also gathered a large bunch of buttercups, and now she was glad to rest a little while by mother's knee, and thread her needles for her.

Gracie was a very loving little girl, and her great delight was to be of use to those whom she loved, and many times she would spare mother's steps by running to do some little errand for her.

THREADING MOTHER'S NEEDLES.

'Mother,' said Gracie, 'I want to know something.'

'Well, darling, what is it?'

'I want to know who holds the sun up in the sky?'

Mother was silent for a moment, thinking what was best to say to her little girl.

Without waiting for an answer the child added,

'I s'pect God does, mother.'

'Yes, dear,' said her mother with a smile, 'you are quite right.'

'How His arms must ache! When I go to heaven, I shall ask if He will let me help Him.'

'You need not wait till then, my dear little Gracie, to be of use to Him, for every time you do a loving helpful action for others, God sees it from heaven, and He is pleased,' answered her mother softly.

Gracie was quite content, and in a few minutes she was again playing in the meadows, her loving little heart full of thought as to how she could best help those around her.—'Our Little Ones

Nan's Sympathy Bureau.

Nan was in the cosy sitting-room, her rosy face resting in her hands, watching the bright tongues of flame in the cheerful fireplace, now darting up in spiral beauty, only to fade away again in a tiny volume of smoke.

'I'm just like them!' she exclaimed, slowly. 'I try to do something to be useful, and—well, I'm just like you, little flames; somehow I can never accomplish anything.'

The last was said aloud, and as Nan threw back her curls she noticed Grandma Allen standing in the doorway.

'Tut! tut! my little girl,' reproved grandma, gently; 'if we do the best we can, we are not the ones to measure the good we do—we can't!'

'I—suppose—so,' said Nan, slowly, 'but then, what can a girl no older than I do? If I had money, I might establish reading rooms for the poor, or lunch counters, where poor working-girls could get a nice warm lunch without paying anything for it, or something else really worth doing; but, grandma, it takes means, and all that I have in the world would hardly buy one magazine, or a single plate of doughnuts.'

'Never mind, child, there are things you can do just as worthy as those you mention—things, too, that perhaps nobody else could possibly do.'

Just then the warning bell rang, and with a good-by kiss Nan gathered up her books and hurried away to school.

All the morning she kept thinking of grandma's remark: 'Things that perhaps nobody else could possibly do.'

'I wonder what they can be,' and Nan rested her serious little face in her hands, with her elbows on the desk.

As she was standing near the cloak room door at recess, she overheard Maud Atkins refer to Beth Johnson's grief at her mother's death.

'I pity her,' said Maud, 'but I don't feel that I can do anything for her; she's not of our set. Her mother has done our washing for years, you see—that's how I happened to know her.'

Nan turned, and as she did so she saw Beth, who hadn't left her seat at recess, with a mournfully pinched face, fondly regarding a tiny plain gold ring, worn dangerously thin.

'Her mother's,' thought Nan.

Quietly slipping to her side, Nan took one little hand in hers, and when the girls came back to their seats at the ringing of the bell, Beth's face wore its first smile since her mother's death.

All the remainder of the session Nan felt happy. 'I guess it's what grandma meant,' she thought.

The next day, and the next, she

found some little way to help, all unconsciously, somebody about her. The old colored janitor felt pleased all day long at the smile with which she greeted him as she passed him in the entry.

'Bless her honey chil'—she's a sunshine ray fo'sure,' he murmured, as he closed the door behind her.

Miss Norcross, the teacher, as Nan took her hand and bade her a pleasant good-night, felt the cares of the day grow lighter and her work less irksome.

'I tell you, Nan,' said her brother Ted one morning, as she whispered to him not to mind the weather, for another day would surely come in which he could try his new bicycle, 'you do a fellow good just by your sympathy. I'd advise you, little sister, to put out your card—"Sympathy Bureau! Conducted by Nan Armstrong, who is always ready to sympathize with any one in trouble. Office hours, from morning till bedtime." And as for pay'—

'Pay! O Ted,' interrupted Nan, smiling, 'that comes without asking. Ever since I've tried to be kind and helpful to others'—

'You've found,' broke in Grandma Allen, 'a joyful, contented little self all the time—and that there are some things that nobody else could possibly do!'

'Yes; and what you said, grandma dear, led me to find out what they are,' said Nan, sweetly, giving grandma a love kiss as she spoke.—A. F. Caldwell, in 'Zion's Herald.'

The Children's Prayer.

To say my prayers is not to pray
Unless I mean the words I say;
Unless I think to Whom I speak,
And with my heart His favour seek.

In prayer we speak to God above,
We speak the blessed Saviour's love
We ask for pardon for our sin,
And grace to keep us pure within.

But oh, if I am found to smile,
Or play, or look about a while,
Or think vain thoughts, the Lord will see,
And how can He be pleased with me?

Then let me, when I try to pray,
Not only mind the words I say,
But always strive with earnest care,
To have my heart go with my prayer.

—'Children's Friend.'

Bertie and His Mamma.

Bertie feels so happy when the time come for his bath. He likes to splash about in the water, and chase the soap and sponge. Then he is lifted out on to mamma's knee, and rubbed nice and dry with a soft towel.

Mamma loves Bertie very much, and Bertie loves his mamma too. Although he is such a little boy, Bertie is learning to please mamma by doing just what she wants him to do.

That is the best way in which other little boys and girls can show how much they love their parents. And we can all show our love to Jesus Christ in the same way—by doing just what He wishes us to do.—'Our Little Dots.'

Otto's Half-Holiday.

'Lena, come and have a game!'

'No, I can't,' said Lena, quickly, 'there was a frost last night.'

Otto stared at her blankly. 'Well?' he asked, 'what about that?'

Lena laughed a little. 'It's like this, Otto: in the summer I promised old Hans a pair of mittens for the winter, because he has rheumatism in his knuckles; and here's a frost and there is only one done.'

'Humph!' grumbled Otto, 'that's all very well; but on a half-holiday a fellow wants a game. Can't you do it to-night?'

Lena shook her head dolefully. She wished now that she had not spent so many evenings reading her library book. Hans' gloves had suggested themselves, but she had said, 'Plenty of time yet,' and now Otto wanted a game and could not have one.

She got out the knitting rather slowly and sat down, and Otto fidgeted about the room and thrummed on the window till she was nearly distracted.

'I wish you would read me some of your new picture book,' she said at last.

'I don't like reading out,' said Otto, 'it's like having school.'

'Tell me some of the stories then.'

Otto frowned, and pulled out the book and opened it. Then his face cleared. 'Look here,' he said, 'I'll put it on the floor, and then you can just glance at the pictures and go on working.'

'That's fine,' said Lena.

Otto lay down on the floor and turned over a few pages, and Lena's needles went click, click, click, till suddenly Otto said, 'Well, I never! Here's the very thing the master talked about to-day.' Then he launched into a description, and finally, somewhat to Lena's amusement, he began reading aloud from the book. It was really very interesting, and the mittens were getting on at a great rate when Otto suddenly ceased reading, turned over on his back, and said, 'Lena!'

'Well?'

'Has old Hans any logs in his yard?'

Lena considered somewhat wonderingly. 'Yes,' she said at last, 'I believe he must have, because he said he wished he was ten years younger and could chop them up.'

'Who chops them?' said Otto.

'Peter Venn,' said Lena; 'and he takes half for doing it. Isn't that a shame? I'd do it for nothing if I

'God help me evermore to keep
This promise that I make,
I will not swear, nor smoke, nor chew,
Nor poisonous liquors take.
I'll try to get my little friends
To make this promise, too;
And every day I'll try to find
Some helpful work to do.'

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXVIII. — TOBACCO CHEWING.

1. Is tobacco a food?

No. Tobacco is not in any way a food. It stunts the growth instead of making the body grow, and weakens instead of strengthening it.

2. Why, then, do people put it in their mouths?

Only to spit it out again, and because the body, when it has grown used to it, has a craving for it.

3. Which is worse, to smoke or to chew tobacco?

Chewing is more harmful.

4. In what way does it do harm?

In several ways. First it makes the saliva flow too freely, and, as it is wasted by spitting, the body is robbed of its needed quantity of saliva.

5. What is the consequence of this?

An unnatural thirst, which cannot be satisfied by water or any natural drink, and which, in a great number of cases, leads to the use of alcoholic liquors.

6. What other consequence is there?

The body is very much weakened by the loss of so much material as the chewer spits away. One physician says, 'Can we wonder that the chewer is haggard when he spits away his own weight in less than six months?'

7. How does the loss of saliva affect the digestion of food?

The saliva is necessary to the proper digestion of the food. Without it the food cannot be so changed as to strengthen the body. Anything which wastes the saliva hinders the digestion, and, of course, the strengthening of the body.

8. Does the tobacco do any other harm?

Yes, some of the juice of the tobacco is sure to be swallowed, and its poison irritates and makes sore the delicate surface of the stomach. From the stomach the poison enters the blood, and is carried by it to all the other organs of the body.

9. What do physicians say of the effects of tobacco on boys?

They tell us of all sorts of dreadful effects, and that 'no one who uses tobacco before the bodily powers are developed ever makes a strong, vigorous man.'

10. Is tobacco-using a gentlemanly habit?

No. It makes people careless about other habits. It is a filthy and disgusting habit, and those who indulge in it grow indifferent to cleanliness and purity in other ways, and to the comfort of other people.

11. And how do they show this?

They take no pains to protect other people from their foul breath and disagreeable ways; spitting on floors and sidewalks, and continually annoying sensitive people.

12. What other evils grow out of the use of tobacco?

Evil company. Tobacco users naturally go together, and, as the worst boys always use it, better boys come to associate with them, and so to grow bad. They learn to swear and drink, and do all kinds of evil things.

13. Do you think it is a sin, then, to use tobacco?

It certainly is a sin, because it harms the body which God made, and which he declares to be his own temple, and because it leads to other sins.

14. What ,then, is the only safe course to pursue?

To abstain wholly and always from the use of tobacco.

Hints to Teachers.

This lesson is so simple as to require little simplifying. Question the children regarding the process of digestion, to be sure they understand the office of the saliva, and the importance of preserving its purity and abundance. Their own observation will show them the filthiness of the habit. Governor Morris was once asked 'if gentlemen smoked in France.' He replied, 'Gentlemen, sir, smoke nowhere!'

A little book, 'Facts About Tobacco,' issued by the National Temperance Society, will be found exceedingly helpful in teaching this lesson and several yet to follow.

Making a Record.

(Prize Story, in 'Ram's Horn,' by Henry M. Chalfant.)

Wilson Allyn was the leading dry goods merchant of the town in which he lived, and was justly rated as one of its best citizens. In the church his standing was high, and his influence great. This was right, for he was every inch what the world believed him to be. In business he was honest, in church zealous and liberal, while arising from his family altar there was daily heard the voice of prayer. His wife was a model matron, a queenly and godly mother—justly proud of her three children and taking great delight in leading them in paths of righteousness.

Ray was the only son. Having a bright mind and winning ways, he was an object of the strongest possible admiration as well as deepest solicitude in that happy home. Having finished a high school course, the day of his departure for a distant college came. The same loving words of counsel which have fallen on the ears of many a noble lad under similar circumstances were now given to him; and he was away, to live under new surroundings, find new companions and form new habits.

Four years soon glided by, the coveted 'sheepskin' was placed in his hands, and returning to his native town he entered an office and commenced to study law. But how changed after the varied experiences of a few years' college course. His lack of profound religious conviction led him to choose as his college companions those who gave little heed to the church and its teachings. He soon found himself in the 'swim' with the gay four hundred of the college town. At the end of the course he was proficient in the accomplishments of the four hundred—dancing, card playing, the social glass. To his beloved ones these facts had never become known until he had graduated and entered upon the study of law. He then prided himself upon his social attainments, and smiled at the piety of his sisters.

It was with the deepest solicitude that his mother began now to notice his downward course in society. How earnestly did she pour out her soul to God for the salvation of her boy! How tenderly she pleaded with him to walk in the good way! But all seemed in vain.

He loved her dearly, yet laughingly protested that her fears were groundless, that he was simply sowing a little wild oats, and that in the race of life he was sure to be a winner. But that did not satisfy her mother heart. She seldom had the comfort of seeing him in his place in the house of God. She trembled as she began to read in his eyes the story of the social glass run to excess. Her pillow wet with tears, she many a night awakened from a dream wherein she saw him seated by a table in company with gamblers. But worst of all, she thought of the possibility of his being hastened into the presence of the Great Judge clothed not in righteous garments.

A very few years passed by and friends began to notice how rapidly Mrs. Allyn was aging. Her hair was becoming silvered, and furrows ever deepening appeared on her brow. The glow of health faded from her cheek and her step was that of a weary woman. People said she was dying of consumption. One day she took to her bed, never to rise again. The doctors consulted together, looked grave, and said: 'A bad case of nervous prostration.' Ray was faithful in his attention to her, but found some excuse for deserting her presence when she spoke to him of the better life.

It was a splendid evening in May when her venerable pastor, Dr. Brumfield, called, and found the entire family in the sick room. For forty years this beloved man of God had ministered to the sick and dying. With mighty power he seemed to plead, when he came to God burdened with the welfare of a precious human soul. On this particular evening he prayed but briefly for the sick. He then prayed for mercy on the wayward son. Deepest solemnity seized upon every heart. Divine power was present and felt in every soul.

Ray approached his mother's bedside. The expression which met her gaze she had never met in the same face before. It was the look of sheer despair.

'Mother,' said he, in trembling tones, 'it's an awful life I've led and a shameful record I've made. If God will have mercy'—and there the man who had been so hard of heart fell on his knees, and in broken tones was calling on the Lord for mercy. A moment more, and the whole company was in prayer, while every voice was heard.

Ray's repentance was genuine, his desire for salvation intense, and his purpose to forsake sin and lead a godly life complete. Rising from prayer, the changed countenance told the mother the changed life within. There was joy beyond description that night in the mother's heart—in fact, greater joy than her distressed body could endure. She wept for joy, she laughed for joy, she sang songs of praise. But before the dawn of another day, the cold, clammy finger of death was upon her, and she slept.

Two days later Ray stood gazing for the last time into his mother's face, but her eyes saw him not, neither did her voice greet him. True, he was fully conscious of his acceptance with God—endowed with a new spirit and travelling a new road. Standing over her, he saw the deep wrinkles, the silvered hair, the sunken cheek. For the first time he fully realized what hand it was that had so indelibly written them on this once fair face and brow. Then he was almost overwhelmed and ready to sink down under the thought that even his reformation and conversion had not altered the record. It was made by years of folly and could not be changed. Even in the cold clay all the world could read the writing of a foolish hand. As Ray walked to the silent tomb and home again and for many days and years, there came frequently flashing before his mind a record which was unchangeable and imperishable. To this day the words of a certain governor come often to his mind as he remembers the silvered hair, the furrowed brow, the sunken cheek: 'What I have written, I have written.'

Tobacco or Evangelization Which?

The sender of forty-five dollars, contributed by a few individuals for Telugu evangelization, says: 'In this amount you have ten dollars that used to be spent in tobacco.' Which is the better use to make of the Lord's money, to spend it on tobacco or in giving the gospel to perishing men? A good many are giving tobacco the preference. They have money for tobacco, (that is, they deliberately take the Lord's money to buy it), but the times are too hard for them to give anything for evangelizing the heathen world. They will be able to say at last to their Lord that they could not do the work that he gave them to do because their tobacco cost them so much.—'Canadian Baptist.'

Consistency.

(By Bessie Baker, in 'Union Signal.')

You 'believe in prohibition'?
A most excellent position;
But, if anxious to promote it,
Why not straighten up, and vote it?
But to show a tender feeling,
For the victim who goes reeling,
Through the streets, unmanned by gin,
Which your ballot voted in,
What is it but sham and sin?

You've 'no use for temperance cranks,
Never join fanatics' ranks';
And the W. C. T. U.'s,
Whom the whiskeyites abuse,
Recognition you refuse;
Which intelligence construes,
(Should it not?) as opposition,
To the cause of prohibition.

What is zeal or agitation,
Fervent prayers for men's salvation,
But a farce—a mere profession —
While you daily make concession
To the rum fiend in possession,
And, by ballots at the polls,
Set a price on human souls?

Stop and think! O Christian voter!
Can you stand as a promoter,
Of a traffic so destructive,
Blighting everything productive,
And to every vice seductive,
Bearing only saddest sorrow
On its tide to-day, to-morrow,
While you pray, 'Thy kingdom come,
And Thy will on earth be done'?
—Vandalia, Ill.

LESSON XII.—SEPT. 18.

Captivity of the Ten Tribes.

II. Kings, xvii., 9-18. Memory verses 13, 14. Read II. Kings, xvii., 1-23: Amos vi.: Hosea, v.

Golden Text.

'If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever.'—I. Chron. xxviii., 9.

Home Readings.

M. II. Kings xvii., 1-23.—Captivity of the Ten Tribes.
T. Amos vii., 1-17.—The captivity predicted.
W. I. Chron. xxviii., 1-9. — David's warning against forsaking God.
T. Isa ix iv., 9-20.—The vanity of idols.
F. Psa. cxv., 1-18.—'They that make them are like unto them.'
S. Col. iii., 1-17.—'Coveteousness, which is idolatry,'
S. Rom. vi., 1-23. — 'The wages of sin is death.

Lesson Story.

The people of Israel, in careless indifference to the warnings God sent by the prophets, persisted in disobeying God and so working out their own ruin.

Outwardly they paid reverence to Jehovah, but secretly they practised idolatry in the most revolting forms. God was angry with them, yet he sent his prophets to say that if they would repent and return to him, he would still receive them as his own children and bless them. But they hardened their hearts in unbelief. They knew that God was merciful, and they did not believe in his promise of punishment. They rejected his covenant with them, and broke all his laws, and turned to the worship of idols.

They followed the fashions of their neighbors, and made golden calves to worship. They worshipped the sun, moon and stars, and made their children pass through the fire, burning them as a sacrifice to their horrible idols. They also used divination and consulted with familiar spirits, a way of finding out things which is strictly forbidden, (Deut. xviii., 10-12.)

Because of all these sins and the awful hypocrisy and lack of repentance, God sent the promised punishment on his people. He sent the King of Assyria to take Israel into captivity, and thus ended the kingdom set up by Jeroboam the son of Nebat.

Lesson Hints.

'Secretly'—thinking to hide their wickedness from God by a cloak of hypocrisy. The soul that seeks to hide anything from God is bound to fail. Secret sins eat out spirituality.

'High places'—altars, generally built for idol worship.

'Ye shall not'—Exodus xx., 2-5: Deut. iv., 15-19.

'Testified against'—sent warning messages to them. Their most secret sins could not be hid from God. He begged them to turn from their evil ways, but allowed them to choose whether they would repent and obey or work out their own ruin by their sin.

'Hardened their necks'—as oxen who will not yield to guidance but obstinately persist in their own way.

'Did not believe in the Lord'—they believed that there was a God who ruled over all, but even the devils believe that (Jas. ii., 19.), that kind of faith will not save. They did not believe in God's word or heed his warnings, they had no real faith in him. Unless we have an honest faith and trust in God we are working out our own captivity and ruin as surely as did those Israelites.

'His covenant'—and all the time they were rejecting God's covenant with them, God was preparing a new covenant to be sealed with the blood of his own Son, (Matt. xxvi., 26-29. Surely his mercies are everlasting.

'Vanity'—nothingness.

'Became vain'—wasted their lives and their energies, missing the whole aim of life.

'Through the fire'—sacrificing the innocent children in their wicked worship. Heathen to-day offer their children in sacrifice to their cruel idols. Parents of this land sometimes offer their children to the goddess of fashion or ambition.

'Divination and enchantments' — fortune-telling and table-rapping. Seeking to know past or future events by the aid of unseen spirits, or apparitions. All spiritualism, theosophy, etc., is very strictly forbidden in God's word. It is far safer to play with gunpowder and matches than to have anything to do with the things God has so expressly forbidden. (Lev. xix., 31: Isa. viii., 19: Deut. xviii., 10, 11.)

Questions.

1. Name three of the prophets whom God sent to warn Israel?
2. Why did Israel not listen and repent?
3. Could they hide their sins from God?
4. What did they worship?
5. How did God punish them?
6. Is God sure to punish all who reject him and will not repent?
7. How can we be saved from punishment?

Lesson Hymn.

Out on life's stream, with no thought of its end,
Seeking each moment in pleasure to spend;
Nearer and nearer, the rapids swift glide,
Driven along by sin's rushing tide.
'There's danger ahead,' cries a voice from the shore;
A voice of some loved one, who passed on before;
Make haste, and for refuge in Jesus abide;
Turn from thy drifting away with the tide.'

Onward, still onward, the swift waters flow,
Bearing them nearer the brink just below;
Spurning the dear warning voices aside,
Lost ones are drifting away with the tide.
But Jesus is calling, He's called oft before;
He waits to receive you on heaven's fair shore.
Oh, turn ye from sin, in God's mercy confide;
Cease from thy drifting away with the tide.

—W. MACOMBER.

Suggested Hymns.

'Oh, turn ye!' 'Eternity,' 'Christ receiveth sinful men,' 'Why not come to him now?' 'While we pray and while we plead,' 'I have a Father in the promised land,' 'For you I am praying.'

Practical Points.

Sept, 18.

CAPTIVITY OF THE TEN TRIBES.—II. Kings xvii., 9-18.

Nothing is secret in the sight of God, which fact the sinner often forgets. Verse 9.

The destruction of the Amalekites and other heathen nations had been forgotten by the children of Israel. Verses 10, 11.

Sin is opposing God's will. Happy is he whose will blends with that of God. Verse 12.

The Lord is very long-suffering. His mercy is proverbial. Therefore they who reject his oft-repeated invitation shall receive the greater punishment. Verses 13-16.

The road to ruin is so steep and slippery that unless the sinner retrace his steps he will speedily land in the bottomless pit. Verses 17, 18.

A. H. CAMERON.

Tiverton, Ont.

Lesson Illustrated.

The last sad lesson about the ten tribes of the Kingdom of Israel. The darkened hearts

chained together, reaching along the probable route taken by the captives shows the inevitable result of their sin.

Have the hearts cut from paper, and ask for the names of the ten. As each name is given add it to the ones already placed along the road and connect by drawing the links of the chain with chalk. The lines of the map will be simple, and far more interesting if drawn upon the board and the route marked, than if it is simply followed upon a printed map.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Sept. 18.—The triumphs of Christianity.—Luke iv., 16-22.

A Word of Encouragement.

The following may be a word of encouragment to young teachers. I write it out of a heart overflowing with praise for the rewards our heavenly Father has given me as a teacher.

I have just come home from the annual winter treat of S—— R—— Sunday-school. While there I have been surrounded by a class of bright lads of about fourteen years of age. It was three years since I was permitted to call any of them 'my boys,' but previous to that I had a class in the boys' room for ten years. As I looked at their bright faces thoughts of other days and other years came back, and the question arose: What will be the future of each of these souls entrusted to me? And there and then faith seemed to claim God's promises, and silent prayer went up, that these dear lads, only just in this new year committed to my teaching, might all have their names 'written in the Lamb's Book of Life.'

I turned up the gas in my sitting-room, the evening post had come in during my absence, and several letters were lying there for me. I opened one — it had the black border which tells its own story. I found it was from an old scholar who only yesterday buried his father. I cannot repeat the letter here; but the boy, now grown to manhood, is on the Lord's side, and though I have not seen him for several years, asks still a share in my prayers, and 'should like to hear from you sometimes if it is not troubling you too much.' Signed, "your old and affectionate scholar.' 'P.S.—'I still treasure the letters I received from you when in your class.'

I folded it up with a very full heart, and opened a second letter. Was it a strange coincidence, or was it part of God's great plan and loving kindness? This letter was from another old scholar. Not in my class with the previous one, but through a simple earnest question one Sunday, blessed of God, and 'saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.' They are both young men out in the world. I have not seen the latter for eighteen months; he has removed to another place, and connected himself with a chapel and bible-class there; but signs himself, 'one of the old scholars,' He, too, asks for a letter.

And with two thoughts I must close. One is how God entwines the lives of teachers and scholars; what a close bond of union, lasting throughout eternity, is begun on the common wooden benches of a Sunday-school, and how our old scholars turn to us in their after life for help in their spiritual life and daily difficulties! Then, the value of a letter, written perhaps at a little inconvenience, or at the expense of a little self-denial, but valued and 'treasured' for years.

Was it not a fitting close to a Sunday-school treat ? Did the treat end at the school? Was not the best wine kept till the last? And was it not almost an answer to the silent prayer, or at least a pledge of continued blessing, 'that which has been is that which shall be.' Am I one alone, 'highly favored among women'? Is not my experience that of many a teacher? Why should the King recompense me with such a reward? And week by week, to see the morning school conducted by three old scholars, and the International Bible Reading branch conducted by another, impresses more and more the words, 'Ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord.' Oh, may those words ring in the ears of our teachers this year, 'not in vain'—'not in vain.' — A Sunday-school Teacher, in 'Sunday-school Chronicle.'

'Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.
Some great cause, God's new Messiah
Offering each its bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand,
And the sheep upon the right;
And that choice goes on forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Needless Nerve Wear.

(By Lily Rice Foxcroft.)

A mother will take up a piece of mending in a hurry, seat herself in the nearest chair and fall to sewing, since the needle-book is nearly empty, with a needle far too coarse for the cloth. The room may be too hot or too cold, but there is not time to open a window or turn on the heat. A door upstairs is squeaking, squeaking, but getting up to shut it seems too much of an interruption. One bit of work lures along to another, the forenoon is half gone, and for two hours the nerves of limbs, back, fingers, and ears, have been subjected to a steady rasping.

Or there is a letter to be written for the morning mail, and it does not seem worth while to stop to clear away the clutter left on the table from last evening. So for a half-hour the elbows are cramped for room, and the orderly spirit fretted by the confusion. Or it is late afternoon, and the eyes are taxed, and the whole mind strained with the consciousness of haste, that the task may be finished by daylight without the trouble of lighting a lamp.

The mistress of the house comes home from a forenoon's shopping, finds an accumulation of small domestic duties awaiting her, essays them in her street gown to save changing it, and goes through them all with an uneasy sense that she may injure it. Or she lies down for a few moments' rest, all the time holding her feet off the edge of the bed to spar the clean counterpane—totally without that feeling of relaxation so essential to real repose.

There are comfortable and uncomfortable methods, as well as conditions of work. To 'set a stent,' for one's self, in the old-fashioned phrase, is to put a needless strain on one's nerves. Being hurried and hustled by circumstances is bad enough, but to hurry and hustle one's self is a wanton waste of strength that should be kept for real emergencies. Doing a particular kind of work out of its appropriate time is very wearing, and should be avoided as far as possible. Everybody knows how different the preserving-kettle looks in the afternoon. Putting off beyond the usual time the change from morning to afternoon dress keeps a woman who is liable to afternoon calls in a state of uneasiness which almost always counterbalances the gain of the extra work accomplished. Indeed, the sense of anything waiting to be done is trying, and should be reduced to the minimum by doing things, as far as practicable, before they become really pressing. For example, if a day is to be given to sewing, and there is one special piece of work—no matter how small or uninteresting—which must be finished before night that is the piece to be disposed of first, that all the others may be done with an easy mind.

One need not multiply illustrations. The principle is surely plain—the principle that the comfort of the worker promotes the progress of the work. The time taken to secure it is not wasted, but spent to the very best advantage.—'Congregationalist.'

Some Potato Possibilities.

A contributor to the Household suggests the three following dishes that are at once simple and satisfactory:

German Potatoes. — Peel and boil six large potatoes; when done, drain and put through a potato masher. Add salt and pepper to taste, two tablespoonfuls of butter, the yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and four table-spoonfuls of grated mild cheese. Make into balls the size of an egg. Lay on a greased pan, brush over with beaten egg, make two slanting cuts on the top of each, and bake in a hot oven until well browned.

Cream Potatoes.—Put a good-sized piece of butter into a saucepan, a teaspoonful of flour, salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg, and some chopped parsley; stir well and pour in a cupful of cream. Place the sauce-pan on the hot fire, and beat up until it comes to a boil; cut some boiled potatoes into even slices, add them to the sauce, and serve very hot.

Stewed Potatoes.—Three and a half cupfuls of chopped potatoes, two table-spoonfuls of flour; three tablespoonfuls of butter, two cupfuls of milk. Melt the butter in a teakettle boiler, add flour and stir constantly for a few minutes, so that it will be perfectly smooth. Add the milk a little at a time, and let it boil thoroughly. Then add the potatoes and let them cook until thoroughly hot. The potatoes are not to be chopped with a knife in a chopping-tray, but to be sliced lengthwise in slices half an inch thick, and then cut into half-inch dice.

Yorkshire Recipes.

('Harper's Bazar.')

YORKSHIRE TEA-CAKE.

Four pounds of flour; one pound of butter; four ounces of yeast; a little salt; milk to make a soft dough. Rub the butter into the salted flour. Add the milk and the yeast, and roll the dough out very thin. Make in cakes about the size of a tea-saucer. Let them rise about an hour in a warm place; by the end of that time they should be fully three times their former thickness. Bake in a quick oven. Split, butter, and cut into quarters while hot.

YORKSHIRE RASPBERRY SANDWICHES

Four eggs. The weight of four eggs in sugar; and the weight of three eggs in flour; grated rind of one lemon. Beat the eggs and sugar together until very light, stir in the flour, taking care not to make the eggs fall by using too heavy a hand; add the grated rind, and make the batter into four small cakes. Bake in a quick oven ten minutes, split, spread, a layer of jam between them, and sift powdered sugar over them.

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